

HUMOURS OF THE TRAY

CHARLES L. GRAVES



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HUMOURS OF THE FRAY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE HAWARDEN HORACE
MORE HAWARDEN HORACE
LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR GEORGE
GROVE
THE DIVERSIONS OF A MUSIC-LOVER

WITH E. V. LUCAS

WISDOM WHILE YOU WAIT
ENGLAND DAY BY DAY
CHANGE FOR A HALFPENNY
SIGNS OF THE TIMES

HUMOURS --- OF THE FRAY

RHYMES AND RENDERINGS

BY
CHARLES L. GRAVES

111

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‘Happy the man
Who, when he can’t prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.’

MATTHEW GREEN (*The Spleen*)

TO
A. G.

NOTE

My acknowledgments are due to the editors of *The Spectator* and *The Speaker*, and to the proprietors of *Punch*, the *Cornhill Magazine* and *Temple Bar* for kindly granting me leave to reprint verses which have already appeared in these periodicals. The lines to Richard Strauss are reprinted by permission of Messrs. Macmillan from a volume of musical essays published by them in 1904, and if any 'listener's lure' is to be found in 'The Caruso Carols,' 'The Two Desperadoes,' and two or three other pieces included under the heading 'Fair Game,' that result must be attributed to the inspiring assistance of my literary better half, Mr. E. V. Lucas.

C. L. G.

November, 1907.

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LINES ON A RECENT NEWSPAPER
ANNIVERSARY

TEN years ago the daily Press,
Still scorning methods Transatlantic,
Though overprone to blame or bless,
Was never coarsely corybantic.
Its managers disdained to tout
For customers like Yankee 'drummers,'
Or pad their leading column out
By interviewing fifth-rate mummers.

The antics of the idle rich
Had not acquired a moral beauty ;
No eulogies of strident pitch
Profaned a simple act of duty.
The scholar who seclusion prized,
The benefactor of the nation,
As yet remained unvictimised
By reams of rancid adulation.

To laud all people when they die
 With indiscriminating unction,
 To squeeze precocious talent dry,
 Then chuck it out without compunction,
 To hold all privacy a pest,
 To treat the old as useless lumber,
 To worship with impartial zest
 Mammon and God in every number ;

 To drag unsightly deeds to light,
 To traffic in a private sorrow,
 To libel Ministers o'ernight
 And lick their boots upon the morrow—
 Such are the methods, such the means,
 Unknown to Chinamen or Chilians,
 Whereby in more enlightened scenes
 Some men amass ignoble millions.

* * * *

Ah me ! those were Saturnian days,
 Though highly unsophisticated,
 When papers went their several ways
 And were not *all* amalgamated.
 When heroes of the bat, like Daft,
 Had not as yet become quill-drivers,
 And playwrights were not photographed
 In the attire of South Sea divers.

In those dark days man still was man,
 The super still remained a super,
 And publishers—unholy clan !—
 Had not provoked the howls of Hooper.
 The *Times*, unswervingly sedate,
 Still thundered, when it thundered, soberly ;
 The Bells of London, small or great,
 Knew little of the massive Moberly.

Ten years ago ! We little knew
 The scurvy trick that Fate was playing,
 When first the yellow cockerel crew
 And set each Union Jackass braying—
 Broke down the walls of reverence,
 Debased an honourable calling,
 And drowned the sober voice of sense
 In one continual caterwauling.

Ten years have passed. Will Fate delay
 Ten more until the pest is banished,
 Or shall we on some earlier day,
 Awake to find the monster vanished ?
 The Future lies beyond our ken,
 The Present stirs our indignation,
 And forces from one lowly pen
 This humble meed of execration.

May, 1906.

HUMOURS OF THE FRAY

MAMMON AT THE WHEEL

SWATHED like a mummy in his furs
Sits Mammon at the wheel,
And onward, ever onward spurs
His steed of flame and steel.
The monster moans and hums and purrs,
And, as the life within it stirs,
Makes ready for its meal.
The song-bird, stricken in mid air,
It grinds into the mire ;
The squirrel scurrying to its lair
Dies 'neath the deadly tyre ;
And golden summer's pageant rare
That makes the hedgerows fine and fair
It blasts with smoke and fire.
And, as its note of savage pride
Is tuned to screaming pitch,
Age, bent and bowed and heavy-eyed,
It spurns into the ditch,
Digging more deep at ev'ry stride
The gulf, already yawning wide,
Between the poor and rich.

No open road remains secure
From Mammon's fell attack ;
No obstacle can he endure,
No warning turns him back ;
But racing over down and moor
He turns the playground of the poor
Into a railway track.

He taints the freshness of the dawn,
The fragrance of the night,
The veil by dewy darkness drawn
He rends with blinding light.
And nymph and dryad, fay and faun,
Flee from his hateful pathway, strawn
With trophies of his might.

And yet, should Mammon ever deign
To take me in his car,
The maggot works within my brain,
I chafe at check and bar ;
I reckon not of the maimed and slain ;
I only know that I am fain
To travel fast and far.

AUTRES TEMPS, AUTRES MŒURS.

IN musing o'er the distant days
Ere crinoline was wholly banished,
Ere problems superseded plays,
Ere chignons and macadam vanished,
I marvel how our sires contrived
To win themselves a name in story
Before those crowning boons arrived
That lend our age its lasting glory.

Unstirred by Kipling's clarion tones
They led a life of chronic coma,
They neither heard the motor's moans
Nor sniffed its exquisite aroma.
Their phraseology displayed
As yet no scientific leaning,
Nor was the term 'appendix' made
To bear its fearsome inner meaning.

As for their views on hygiene,
Why nothing surely could be vaguer ;
They were not fed on margarine
Or garbed in wool by Dr. Jaeger ;
With claret or brown sherry flown
Their freshmen would affront the Proctor,
For whisky was almost unknown,
And no one drank Berncastler Doctor.

They hadn't matinées—so-called—
They saw a play and not a hat-show,
And people, on becoming bald,
Were still denied recourse to Tatcho.
Unstimulated by Ping-pong,
They lacked an indoor recreation,
Nor uttered 'Now we shan't be long'
To decorate their conversation.

They could not worship *Sherlock Holmes*,
For his inventor was not ready :
They knew not Alfred Austin's pomes,
Or lager beer or Mrs. Eddy.
Drear was the lot, *minus* the *Mail*,
Of soldier, sailor, ploughboy, tinker ;
And worse, whenever they grew pale,
They had no pills to make them pinker.

Simply because they lived too soon,
They neither rode abroad on Humbers,
Nor joyed to hear the gentle coon
Proclaim his love in honeyed numbers.
From realism removed afar,
They had a simple taste in fiction,
The James they read was G. P. R.,
Not Henry of the Delphic diction.

Girls were unmuscular and meek
When they were drawn by Mrs. Gaskell,
Not yet with driver nor with cleek
Did they propel the bounding Haskell.
They did not live alone in flats,
Play hockey, shoot, and swim like otters,
Evince surprise by crying 'Rats !'
Or call their male acquaintance 'rotters.'

Drab was the age and unillumed
By Wilhelm's meteoric capers ;
There were no boomsters to be boomed
In any of the morning papers ;
Cricket was still a childish game,
And not a penman's serious study,
Nor yet had football leapt to fame
By making those who played it muddy.

Last, if they ventured forth from home
To seek surroundings less unsightly,
They took three days to get to Rome—
We see th' *Eternal City* nightly.
They merely touched in volumes three
Life's superficial fringe and frillings
At thirty-one-and-six, but we
Hob-nob with Satan for six shillings.

November, 1903.

FISCAL FRENZY

An Echo of the Campaign of 1903.

As I let my spirit wander retrospectively and ponder
On the problems and the marvels of our age,
From the misty past uprising certain incidents surprising
My amazement in particular engage.

I have known a hansom cabby (though he was extremely
shabby)
To refuse a more than statutory fare.
I have seen two Russian poodles in the billiard-room at
Boodle's
With wreaths of orange-blossoms in their hair.

I have watched a Shetland pony chewing strings of
macaroni ;
I have heard a Bishop sing a comic song ;
I have seen a Judge endeavour—O it was a joy for ever—
To acquire a back-hand service at ping-pong.

I have seen a Bond Street tailor motor-biking in a
trailer ;
I have seen an Archimandrite with the mumps ;
I have heard Sir Robert Giffen, as he munched a
Norfolk biffin,
Expatriate upon the phrase, ' She bumps.'

These incidents were serious, but they were not dele-
terious
To the calmness and composure of my soul ;
For though certainly erratic they were hardly symptomatic
Of the ruin of the nation's self-control.

But when sober evening papers in their preferential
capers
Take to quoting Milton's *Lycidas* on Joe—
Well, one feels that things are tending to the cataclysmic
ending
That involves the Empire's utter overthrow.

For, until the recent crisis cut the Unionists to slices
And dislodged the weary wobbler from his fence,
I have never seen my fellows ply exaggeration's bellows
To a climax of inflation so intense.

Such emotion corybantic, so fanatical and frantic,
Fills my bosom with unutterable pain ;
So I'm off to far Glengariff, where, remote from tax and
tariff,
I shall rusticate till editors grow sane.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

*Being Reflections, by a highly-strung Tory, on the
Eccentricities of Parliamentary Nomenclature.*

O ENGLAND, why count upon claiming
The nations' continued respect,
When euphony's laws in the naming
Of Members you grossly neglect ?
It may be that I have, unduly
Developed, the musical bump,
But surnames like Crooks or Gilhooly,
They give me the hump.

I haven't the smallest objection
To hearing a spade called a spade
By the violent friends of Protection
Or the truculent foes of Fair Trade ;
My appetite's normal ; on porridge
My fast ev'ry morning I break ;
But when Balfour was ousted by Horridge
It made my heart ache.

When political bruiser meets bruiser
And one of the parties is 'downed,'
A querulous tone in the loser
Won't help him to win the next round.
But when you are in for a licking
Because of the pendulum's swing,
If the name of your victor's McMicking
It adds to the sting.

I regard the encroachment of Labour
Without one disquieting qualm ;
The return of my gasfitting neighbour
I treat with a dignified calm ;
The humour of *Samuel Gerridge*
In *Caste* I have always admired ;
But the advent of Horridge and Berridge—
That makes me feel tired !

Some Parliaments, history teaches,
Have earned a continuing fame
By their length, or the strength of their speeches,
By glory, or even by shame ;
But *this*, while there's mustard in Norwich,
And while there are pigs in Athlone,
By the triumph of Berridge and Horridge
Will surely be known.

January, 1906.

A MALWOOD ECLOGUE

[Prompted in June, 1896, by the entirely baseless rumour that Sir W. Harcourt, in the sylvan solitudes of the New Forest and beneath the giant beeches of Malwood—‘*recubans sub tegmine fagi*’—was preparing a new edition of Virgil.]

YE Muses of Monmouth, permit me, I pray,
 To abandon the leek for the loftier bay,
 And renounce, while I fathom futurity's vista,
 E'en so regal a shrub as the *planta genista* :
 Yet if trees be my burden, O graciously grant
 My song may the grandest of woodmen enchant.

As I stand peering over the century's verge,
 Weird shapes from the womb of the future emerge :

POLLIO

Sicelides Musæ, paulo majora canamus ;
 Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque myricæ :
 Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.
 Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas :
 Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.
 Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna ;

New Women I see, of inordinate *nous*,
Returned to recruit an effeminate House,
While a fresh and entirely regenerate race
Shall our decadent sons and their sisters replace.
Nay, e'en at this moment, so drear and forlorn,
Is the Leader we long for about to be born !
O cherish him tenderly, good Mrs. Gamp,
And guard the first flickering rays of his lamp,
For beneath his benign and inspiriting sway
The wildest Welsh members shall meekly obey,
And the iron that recently entered our soul
Turn to golden content as we march to our goal.
O fortunate bantling ! the great 'Mr. G.'
Will probably give you a ride on his knee,
Guide your faltering steps in the way they should go,
And gratuitous hints for the future bestow,
Till in fulness of time compensation is paid
For the bulls and the blunders that R—— made ;

Jam nova progenies coelo demittitur alto.
Tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
Desinet ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,
Casta fave Lucina ; tuus jam regnat Apollo.
Teque adeo decus hoc ævi, te Consule, inibit,
Pollio, et incipient magni procedere menses :
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.

Till, immersed in theology, ev'ry M.P.
On the Liberal benches becomes a D.D.
And our Leader, buoyed up with legitimate pride,
Finds only the angels arrayed on his side.

In your childhood, sweet babe, shall the generous earth
Bring all manner of gifts to spontaneous birth.
Thus the rarest of orchids that Highbury boasts
Shall enamel our uplands and colour our coasts ;
While the broadest of beans shall profusely abound
Hodge's bacon to beautify all the year round.
The chimerical cow that was promised by Jesse,
Shall be there with her milk and three acres *in esse*,
And the merciless lions of Fleet Street no more
Stun the ears of the mob with mechanical roar.
Of itself shall your cradle by magic assume
A garb of the rarest and tenderest bloom ;

Ille deûm vitam accipiet, divisque videbit
Permixtos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis ;
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu
Errantes hederas passim cum baccharé tellus
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho.
Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones.
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet ; Assyrium vulgo nascetur amomum.

Ev'ry snake shall be scotched, nor will any excuse
 Be allowed for distilling of Parnellite juice,
 And a constant aurora of sweetness and light
 Steep the sky to the zenith from morning till night.

By the time you are able, now grown to a boy,
 In the pages of Hansard to read and enjoy
 The orations of those who, as firm as a rock,
 Fought the closure so gallantly all round the clock—
 No more shall the farmer, with Chaplin's assistance,
 Keep the wolf of Free Trade at an adequate distance :
 For his wheat as by magic shall ripen unsown,
 And grapes upon blackberry bushes be grown,
 And the vintage of Ventnor, the *crus* of the Tyne,
 Vie in bouquet and body with those of the Rhine ;
 While honey will flow in Hyde Park from the trees
 Without the conventional efforts of bees.

At simul heroum laudes et facta parentis
 Jam legere, et quæ sit poteris cognoscere virtus,
 Molli paullatim flavescet campus arista,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.
 Pauca tamen suberunt priscae vestigia fraudis,
 Quæ tentare Thetin ratibus, quæ cingere muri
 Oppida, quæ jubeant telluri infindere sulcos.
 Alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quæ vehat Argo
 Delectos heroas : erunt etiam altera bella ;
 Atque iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.

Still perfection can never be reached at a bound,
And traces of guilt for a while shall be found.
Buccaneers will continue to run their blockades,
Filibusters indulge in occasional raids,
And Presidents form, at enormous expense,
Pretorian guards for their country's defence.
Should war be declared, the occasion will breed
New Nelsons to answer our nautical need ;
While if our opponents should venture to land,
A new Iron Duke will be ready to hand,
And maintain the imperilled prestige of the nation
As he steams in a 'special' from Waterloo Station.

But when our new Leader to manhood is come,
Ev'ry sword shall be sheathed, ev'ry trumpet be dumb.
No trafficking hulls o'er the ocean shall fare,
No bagmen from city to city repair,
For ev'rything needful will grow ev'rywhere.

Hinc, ubi jam firmata virum te fecerit ætas,
Cedet et ipse mari vector ; nec nautica pinus
Mutabit merces ; omnis feret omnia tellus.
Non rastros patietur humus, non vinea falcem ;
Robustus quoque jam tauris juga solvet arator ;
Nec varios discet mentiri lana colores ;
Ipse sed in pratis aries jam suave rubenti
Murice, jam croceo mutabit vellera luto ;
Sponte sua sandyx pascentes vestiet agnos.

Then, relieved from the annual labours of sowing,
 Of ploughing and stacking, of reaping and hoeing,
 Ev'ry son of the soil, whether stupid or clever,
 Will be free to do nothing for ever and ever :
 As for weavers and dyers, they'll find, the poor fellows,
 Their whole occupation is gone, like Othello's.
 For the rams in the field, if you ask them politely,
 Will furnish all colours and patterns, like Whiteley :
 And the frolicking lamb, as the grasses he chews,
 Assume the most gorgeous of Liberty's hues.

'O ages of bliss,' sang the Sisters of Doom,
 Each addressing her spindle, 'continue to boom.'
 For lo ! the young Leader we long for, whose face
 Betrays his descent from a conquering race,
 Will shortly take over the duties of chief,
 And advance to our composite Party's relief.
 See, with joy at his coming the welkin resounds,
 And the land and the sea, to their uttermost bounds,

Talia sæcla, suis dixerunt, currite, fuis
 Concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcæ.
 Aggredere o magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores,
 Cara deûm soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum !
 Adspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
 Terrasque tractusque maris cœlumque profundum ;
 Adspice, venturo letentur ut omnia sæclo !
 O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,

Are stirred with a deep elemental delight
Now the joys of Utopia are fairly in sight.
And O, should kind Chamberlain, merciful sage,
Prolong by a Pension my sanguine Old Age,
Until I were able at last to acclaim
In appropriate measures your worth and your fame,—
Why, the stateliest stanzas that Tennyson built
Won't compare with my verse's impetuous lilt.
I shall soar above Swinburne, outshine even Shelley,
Out-Hall even Caine and out-Marie Corelli :
Nay, should Austin himself in a contest engage
At the gilded Alhambra, and sing from the stage,
I'm sure the Alhambra's decision would be
That Austin was finally flattened by me.

*Spiritus et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta ;
Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus ; huic mater quamvis atque huic pater adsit,
Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.
Pan etiam Arcadia mecum si iudice certet,
Pan etiam Arcadia dicat se iudice victum.*



‘PARTIAL PORTRAITS’



TO LORD CROMER.

GREAT are the wonders that thy Kings of yore,
O ancient Egypt, reared beside the Nile—
Palace and pyramid and storied pile
To stand in majesty for evermore :
Yet where is wonder greater than the reign
Of this wise Governor, who, trained for war,
Laid healing hands upon a nation's sore,
And stablished peace with plenty in her train ?
O ancient Egypt, by whose sleepless flood
Yon mighty fanes uprose in ages dim,
Cemented by ten myriad toilers' blood,—
Which of thy rulers may compare with him
Who raised the poor, undid the oppressor's wrong,
And set the throne of Justice high and strong ?

April 17, 1907.

TO MEREDITH TOWNSEND

On his Seventieth Birthday.

MASTER and friend, whose ardent soul
Burns brighter as it nears the goal,
Whose indefatigable pen
Stirs envy in us younger men—
Let one who owes you such a debt
He ne'er can pay, far less forget,
Essay to greet with heartfelt cheer
The day that seals your seventieth year.

To paint your merits even ill
Might tax a major poet's skill,
And therefore must be doubly hard
For one who is a doggerel bard.
Yet let me try. First, then, we find,
Rare glory of a noble mind,
Genius with modesty combined.

Next, courage to defend the right
And put sleek sophistries to flight ;
Steadfast devotion to a cause
Heedless of censure or applause ;
Last, wielding powers most men had turned
To claim a guerdon richly earned,
You crave not place nor pelf nor state,
Content to sow the seed and wait,
To guide unseen, obscurely great.

Intrepid seer, long may you keep
Your ample outlook o'er the deep ;
Long flash o'er life's uncertain ways
Your soul's illuminating rays ;
Long hail with generous praise the birth
And strivings of aspiring worth ;
Long cheer and brighten and beguile
Our tedium with your magic style.

TO ANDREW LANG

AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP

*On the discontinuance of 'Longman's Magazine,'
in October, 1906.*

FORMERLY, when, sated by sensation,
Gentle readers sought an air serene,
Refuge from the snapshot's domination
Might be found in *Longman's Magazine*.

There at least the roaring cult of dollars
Never took its devastating way ;
There the pens of gentlemen and scholars
Held their uncontaminating sway.

There no parasitic bookman prated,
No malarious poetasters sang,
There all themes were touched and decorated
By your nimble fancy, ANDREW LANG.

True, some hobbies you were always riding,
—Spooks and spies and totemistic lore ;
But so deft, so dext'rous was your guiding,
No one ever labelled you a bore.

But alas ! the landmarks that we cherish,
Standing for the earlier, better way,
Vanquished by vulgarity must perish,
Overthrown by 'enterprise,' decay.

Still with fairy books will you regale us,
Still pay homage to the sacred Nine,
But no more hereafter will you hail us
Monthly at the Ship's familiar Sign.

There no longer faithfully and gaily
Will you deal alike with foe and friend ;
Wherefore, crying *Ave atque vale !*
We our parting salutation send.

TO LIONEL BENSON

*At the twenty-first annual concert of the
Magpie Madrigal Society.*

DEAR Lionel, this classic day
That crowns the labours of the season,
Demands the tribute of a lay—
And for a very special reason.
Magpies till now on history's page
Were merely noted as luck bringers ;
But you and we have come of age,
We are no longer minor singers.

Had I the quill of Grote, or Mill,—
The eloquence of Hensley Henson,—
In flowing prose I might compose
A eulogy of Lionel Benson.
But conscious that I cannot climb
Above the plane of humble platitude,
Let me essay in lowly rhyme
To give expression to our gratitude.

No sinecure your post has been
As trainer of our piebald forces ;
For Magpies oftentimes are seen
To stray from proper vocal courses.
We have not always kept our eyes
Upon the stick, and there's no blinking
The fact that, when a Magpie tries,
It has a fatal knack of sinking.

Your choice of music may not quite
Have always gratified all sections,
But in the end we owned you right,
And learned to share your predilections ;
And those who voted Brahms a bore,
Or found him too austere or tragic,
Long since their heresy forswore,
And yielded to his sovran magic.

You favoured neither old nor new
In furthering our education,
But with a zeal impartial drew
On every school and every nation.
With you we hymned the spacious reign
Of Oriana, maid imperial,
And ranged from Lasso's freakish strain
To Palestrina the ethereal.

HUMOURS OF THE FRAY

All styles in turn attention claimed—
The academic and the hectic ;
Sure programmes never yet were framed
More catholic or more eclectic.
Nor have we shown in scores alone
Our unexampled versatility,
Dead and alive, the tongues are five
That own our polyglot agility.
Unsparing of your time and skill,
Alert to criticise abuses,
Home truths you often told us ; still,
We gave you manifold excuses.
Yet though we sometimes stirred your ire
By “scooping,” or by slipshod phrasing,
You were most ready to admire
If we did anything worth praising.
But, since this rhyme must have an end,
Let all who cherish this Society
Impress upon our Chief—and friend—
To persevere in his Magpiety !
Long may we see him, undismayed
Though basses bolt and tenors flatten,
Conduct his Black and White brigade
To victory with unflinching baton.

May 30, 1906.

TO ANTHONY HOPE

After reading 'The Intrusions of Peggy.'

GOOD Anthony (I need not say
 We always pardon your 'intrusions'),
 I've read your book, and wish to lay
 Before you some of my conclusions.
 Where other heroines are concerned
 I pay my homage quite discreetly,
 But charming *Peggy Ryle* has turned
 My head, and captured me completely.

Of her attractions to indite
 Is not the purpose of these stanzas ;
 Enough that, if her purse was light,
 Her face and heart were both Bonanzas.
 Enough to hazard the surmise—
 Most cheering in this vale of trouble—
 That somewhere under English skies
Peggy must have a living double.

She had her failings, I admit,
 Professed a creed remote from Tupper's,
And oft unchaperoned would sit
 At very late Bohemian suppers.
But she was innocent of guile,
 She softened hearts, however stony ;
She helped the lame dog o'er the stile,
 And shared a windfall with a crony.

Imagine then my state of mind,
 My curiosity unsated,
When reaching the last page I find
 Peggy remains unmatched, unmated !
O tantalising Mr. Hope,
 Your endings only are beginnings ;
Give your invention further scope,
 Give *Peggy Ryle* another innings !

TO RICHARD STRAUSS

GREAT anarch, whose truculent numbers,
 Abounding in *Donner* and *Blitz*,
 Have startled the dead from their slumbers,
 And frightened the quick into fits ;
 All hail, O ineffable hero,
 Of statue so terribly tall,
 Ev'ry other composer from Nero
 To Sousa looks small !

Our innocent fathers, adoring
 The simple Handelian theme,
 Knew not that elaborate scoring
 All absence of thought could redeem.
 But the epoch of Hallés and Hullahs
 Is long irretrievably flown,
 And the maddest of musical Mullahs
 Is monarch alone.

HUMOURS OF THE FRAY

Beguiled by the obsolete fiction
That Art was intended to please,
We cherished the crazy conviction
That Discord was kin to Disease ;
Now, spurning the base and insidious
And honeyed allurements of Tune,
We welcome at last in the Hideous
Art's ultimate boon.

We are faint with insatiate hunger
For food that is racy and rank ;
O ransom us, Richard the Younger,
From life that is blameless and blank !
Breathe on us the blast of the blizzard ;
Pour poisonous drugs in our cup ;
Stick pins in us, down to the gizzard,
And make us sit up !

Too long have we slavishly swallowed
Mild Mendelssohn's saccharine Psalms ;
Too long have contentedly followed
The footsteps of Wagner and Brahms.
O free us from all that is formal ;
O banish the ways that are plain ;
Eliminate all that is normal,
And make us insane.

We are cloyed with the cult of the Russian ;

We are sick of the simple, the bland ;

We long for persistent percussion,

For brass that is gruesomely grand.

O teach us that Discord is Duty

That Melody maketh for Sin,

Come down and redeem us from Beauty

Great Despot of Din !

ARCADES AMBO.

BLEST pair, though a seventh-rate singer
Should never essay the sublime,
Pray suffer a humble ink-slinger
To 'voice' his emotion in rhyme :
For thus I may possibly show you,
O wholly unparalleled twain,
The depth of the debt that I owe you,
Corelli and Caine.

When gooseberries grow to gigantic
Dimensions, and Worms of the Wave,
Descried in the distant Atlantic,
Attention insistently crave ;
When editors, pallid and ailing,
Forget to be bland and urbane,
You come as a solace unfailing,
Corelli and Caine.

Whenever I'm gruelled for copy,
Whenever I'm short of a 'par,'
Whenever my verses are sloppy
(And that they incessantly are),
When foreign imbroglios tire me,
When scandals are scarce in Park Lane,
You're always at hand to inspire me,
Corelli and Caine.

There are some who know nothing of Huggins,
There are some who know little of Crookes ;
But I cannot believe in the Juggins
Who never has heard of your books.
(Unless on the bench one or two are
So hopelessly dense and inane
As to ask such a question as ' Who are
Corelli and Caine ?')

The poet asserts that Apollo
His bow now and then must unbend,
And latter-day mortals must follow
This excellent rule to the end.
From cutting continual capers
Ev'n Kaisers must sometimes refrain ;
But *you're* never out of the papers,
Corelli and Caine.

Then, whether on Clicquot and chickens
Or Plasmon and water we fare,
To the champions of Shakspeare and Dickens
Let us throw up our caps in the air :
Let us go, like the monarch of Sheba,
In search of the ways that are sane,
And worship at Stratford and Greeba
Corelli and Caine.

HOLIDAY RHYMES

ADIEU TO ARGYLL

LAND of the purple heather, where, much to my content,
Three weeks of broken weather I recently have spent,
Although in panegyric I don't intend to deal,
Accept this humble lyric penned by a cockney chiel.

I went not to the Trossachs, where, ev'n in times of peace,
Hotel-exploiting Cossacks the simple Saxon fleece ;
But dexterously dodging the holidaying host,
I found a modest lodging upon the Western Coast.

Your climate, Caledonia, the curate's egg recalls.
At times it breeds pneumonia by dint of gales and squalls ;
But when the misty blanket disperses, at such times
I confidently rank it among the best of climes.

Your diet is most grateful, though why do people frown
When I devour my plateful of porridge sitting down?
Your music is soul-shaking, with skirls and yelps and
snaps,
And I adore your baking of girdle-cakes and baps.

I like your bare-legged caddies who, destitute of ruth,
(Unlike their brother Paddies) tell me the bitter truth—
That, till I mend my errors in grip and stance and swing,
Golf's enervating terrors will never lose their sting.

Susceptible to beauty in ev'ry form and shade
I hail it as a duty to praise the Hieland maid,
Whose charms throughout a broader expanse are lately
blown
Since breathed by Harry Lauder into the gramophone.

Fair smiles the face of nature on Scotia's genial Strand,
But Scotia's nomenclature is hard to understand :
Joppa and Portobello a mild surprise promote,
While Grogport strikes a mellow but dissipated note.

Land of the sturdy thistle, land of the eagle's nest,
Why do you wet your whistle with such appalling zest ?
And why endure the orgies enacted year by year
When Glasgow Fair disgorges its wreckage on each pier ?

(A partial explanation one may perchance descry
In that well-worn quotation *corruptio optimi* ;
Besides, the canny Scottish, or Scot, to be more terse,
If he were never sottish, might swamp the universe.)

Yet why recount these stories of superficial flaws
When past and present glories combine to plead your
cause ?
When ev'ry glen is ringing with tales of old renown,
And ev'ry burn is singing how Charlie lost his crown ?

I've roamed and climbed and wondered among the
Western Isles,
And gazed on Erin sundered by twenty foam-flecked
miles ;
Behind the hills of Jura I've seen the sun go down,
Unseated *atra cura*, forgot the dusty town.

Bowed down by such a burden of undeserved delight,
A boon no earthly guerdon could fittingly requite,
From all unworthy carping I'll willingly forbear,
And quite abstain from harping upon the Glasgow Fair.

So, as I cross the border where, frowning o'er the deep,
Like to an ancient warder stands Berwick's rugged keep,
Reluctantly retreating to London by the mail,
I wave regretful greeting unto the Western Gael.

OTIUM MARINUM

By a Sea Dog-in-the-Manger.

NOT quite three hundred miles from town,
 Nor yet profaned by week-end trippers,
 Beneath a ridge of rolling down
 With velvet strands for infant dippers,
 I've found a holiday retreat
 Adapted to a small exchequer,
 Where the dyspeptic and effete
 At once regain a healthy 'pecker.'

We only run to one hotel,
 We have no *chef*, no German waiters,
 And yet our host amazing well
 For every taste and palate caters.
 His wife's a treasure who displays
 A perfect genius for baking ;
 His wines are few, but merit praise,
 And never set your temples aching.

The folk who haunt this favoured scene
Are eminently inoffensive,
Preserving a judicious mean
Betwixt the rowdy and the pensive.
Their stakes at Bridge are not too high
To lend themselves to punctual payment ;
Their daughters do not occupy
The livelong day in change of raiment.

No social problems here perplex,
No scandals lead to comment scathing ;
No blatant champions of the sex
Discuss the question of mixed bathing.
And, if you cannot get your *Mail*
Before the setting hour of Phœbus,
Fresh fish replace the serial tale,
And new-laid eggs the breakfast rebus.

Here are no telescopes, no touts,
No organ-torturing invaders,
No steam-rotated roundabouts,
No masked mysterious serenaders.
Nay, so uncultured is our set,
So musically antiquated,
That ' Hiawatha ' has not yet
This peaceful region decimated.

The banjo's plunk is never heard,
The front is void of pseudo-niggers ;
To us quite equally absurd
Whole-hoggers are and little-piggers.
Lapped in our lotus-eating ease,
Far from the bounding advertiser,
We dress exactly as we please,
And take no thought of Czar or Kaiser.

'Why not reveal,' I hear you say,
'The whereabouts of this oasis,
And place the readers of your lay
With you upon a favoured basis ?'
No, no, since here to play the dog-
In-manger needs no vindication
I am resolved to leave *incog.*
Such admirable isolation.

July, 1905.

THE ORDEAL OF CHOICE

A Golfing Soliloquy by a Junior Partner.

ROUND comes July, and with it comes the need,

Ordained by custom, of my annual flitting—

My senior partner having so decreed—

But, e'er I start, it first of all is fitting
To settle whither I intend to speed ;

And I have no compunction in admitting
That, each successive year, the task of choosing
Becomes more difficult and more confusing.

Golf summons me afield ; yet who am I

To weigh the claims of Gullane *v.* Tantallon ?
To judge between Deal, Littlestone and Rye ?

Portmarnock, Rosapenna and Port Salon ?
Fain I would see Strathpeffer ere I die,

And quaff its healing waters by the gallon ;
Or view the lambent lights of the aurora
Amid the bunkers and the bents of Brora.

Some pens wax lyrical on Westward Ho !
Spite of its rushes loudly execrated.
St. Andrews is supreme ; yet some I know
Pronounce it overrun and overrated.
Sandwich is sleepless in the dogstar's glow,
And by stockbrokers somewhat devastated.
Lahinch allures, albeit somewhat windy ;
And there are varying views about Kilspindie.

Nor are my hours of slumber docked at night
By musing merely on the choice of scene.
The choice of ball, its ' carry ' and its flight,
Its subsequent behaviour on the green,
Claim anxious thought. Last week it was the ' Kite ' ;
But now comes Horace—Hutchinson, I mean—
And fills me, in the Friday W.G.,
With hopes of Haskells costing one-and-three !

Again, shall I adopt the discs of Scaife
Or stud my solid soles with nails of metal ?
Alas ! here too the ' cracks ' no clue vouchsafe,
But differ each from each, like pot and kettle,
While I, in search of guidance, fret and chafe
Beneath a load of problems none can settle.
I cannot even find which rule is Cocker's—
To golf in trousers or in knickerbockers !

When the acknowledged experts disagree—

Taylor with Braid, and Sandy Herd with Vardon—
The indecision that bewilders me,

A fozzling layman, surely merits pardon.

Were it not safer then to shun the sea

And drive a captive ball in my back garden,

Arranging with my housekeeper to say

To callers that I've gone to—Cruden Bay ?

Stay, what is that I hear, what ancient lilt ?

'The Campbells,' so the organ grinds, 'are coming.'
Shall I then in these sultry chambers wilt

With Scotia's spell in all my pulses drumming ?

I hail the omen. Jenkins, pack my kilt !

Farewell to Fashion's thralldom soul-benumbing !

The die is cast : my doubts *instantly* vanish ;

I'm off to Campbeltown and Machrihanish.

July, 1906.

LINES ON THE LINKS.

HARD by the biggest hazard on the course,
 Beneath the shelter of a clump of gorse,
 Secure from shots from off the heel or toe,
 I watch the golfers as they come and go.

I see the fat financier, whose 'dunch'
 Suggests too copious draughts of 'fizz' at lunch;
 While the lean usher, primed with ginger beer,
 Surmounts the yawning bunker and lies clear.

I see a member of the House of Peers
 Within an ace of bursting into tears,
 When, after six stout niblick shots, his ball
 Lies worse than if he had not struck at all.

But some in silent agony endure
 Misfortunes no 'recovery' can cure,
 While others, even men who stand at plus,
 Loudly ejaculate the frequent cuss.

An aged Anglo-Indian oft I see
Who waggles endlessly upon the tee,
Causing impatience of the fiercest kind
To speedy couples pressing from behind.

Familiar also is the red-haired Pat
Who plays in rain or shine without a hat,
And who, whenever things are out of joint,
'Sockets' his iron shots to cover point.

Before ten-thirty, also after five,
The links with lady players are alive,
At other seasons, by the rules in force,
Restricted to their own inferior course.

One matron, patient in her way as Job,
I've seen who nine times running missed the globe ;
But then her daughter, limber maid, can smite
Close on two hundred yards the bounding Kite.

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Dusk falls upon the bracken, bents and whins ;
The careful greenkeeper removes the pins,
To-morrow being Sunday, and the sward
Is freed from gutty and from rubber-cored.

Homeward unchecked by cries of 'Fore !' I stroll,
 Revolving many problems in my soul,
 And marvelling at the mania which bids
 Sexagenarians caracole like kids ;

Which causes grave and reverend signiors
 To talk for hours of nothing but their scores,
 And worse, when baffled by a little ball,
 On the infernal deities to call ;

Which brightens overworked officials' lives ;
 Which bores to tears their much-enduring wives ;
 Which fosters the consumption of white port,
 And many other drinks, both long and short.

Who then, in face of functions so diverse,
 Shall call thee, golf, a blessing or a curse ?
 Or choose between a Balfour's predilection
 And Rosebery's deliberate rejection ?

Not mine to judge : I merely watch and note
 Thy votaries as they grieve or as they gloat,
 Uncertain whether envy or amaze
 Or pity most is prompted by the craze.

THOUGHTS ON DRINK IN TIME
OF DROUGHT.

IN Summer-time when, by the Dog-Star's aid,
The Glass ascends to Eighty in the Shade,
The burning Question of all Questions is :
How can our Thirst be suitably allayed ?

I know a Man in occult Lore immersed,
Who says that Christian Science quenches Thirst :
But when I met him in the Indian Plains
In Strength and Length his Drinks were doubly first.

Myself did as a Boy affect a Jar
That held a Drink named Raspberry Vinegar :
But Adults, when they try this Liquid, find
The more they drink the thirstier they are.

What Anglo-Indians call the ' Whisky Peg '
One can no longer swallow by the Keg,
Since Treves condemned the Use of Alcohol ;
And Treves is not the man to pull your Leg.

Cold Tea is cooling, but the Tyrant Haig,
In Accents wholly the Reverse of vague
Condemns Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Chocolate,
And bids us shun them as we should the Plague.

Plain Water, if not carefully distilled,
With pathogenic Germs is mostly filled ;
Yet in the Fluid that is filtered best
All Trace of Sparkle is entirely killed.

Our Grandfathers, if I am not at Fault,
Drank freely at all Hours of Home-brewed Malt ;
But those who emulate such Habits now
Descend with Speed to the ancestral Vault.

The Wielders of the Willow lean, I fear,
To Gin commingled with Stone Ginger Beer ;
But those who covet the 'Centurion's' Fame
From this seductive Beverage steer clear.

Champagne, or, for the lower Orders, Rum,
Cheers the Depressed and mollifies the Glum ;
But taken freely 'neath a Tropic Sky
Tends to upset the Equilibrium.

Hock, when the Sun is blazing at high Noon,
With Seltzer Water tempered, is a Boon ;

Yet we must not forget that decent Hock
Is only purchased once in a blue Moon.

Lime-Juice, when other Liquids can't be had,
Dilute with bubbling Waters is not bad :

And, differing from Gin, which stunts the Growth,
It may be given to a growing Lad.

Good Barley Water, with a gentle Blend
Of Lemon, many Medicos commend ;

But, personally, I have found this Brew
Though wholesome, makes for Tedium in the End.

The hardy Denizens of Lancashire
Affect a Tipple called Botanic Beer.

I know a Man who tasted it, but he
In adamantine Entrails had no Peer.

Some Folk the Claims of Lager Beer advance ;
But here, as elsewhere, much depends on Chance ;

For Pilsen seems in latter Years to have
No geographical Significance.

It needs not to be said that Lemonade
Is always more salubrious when home-made ;
And in the golfing Championships is quaffed
By Vardon, Taylor, Fernie, Herd and Braid.

But Golfers, when inclined their Drives to scloff,
Correct this Tendency with Shandygaff,
A genial Compound much affected by
The famous Yankee Skipper, Captain Haft.

Edward FitzGerald had a Friend named Posh,
With whom he went a-yachting near the Wash ;
And Posh, as Mr. Shorter lately proved,
Once lived for three whole Days on Lemon Squash.

More could I sing upon the Theme of Drink,—
Why Men see double and when Mice seem pink ;
But eighteen Quatrains of this sort of Stuff
Are ample for the Present, don't you think ?

ON SOME CORNISH NAMES

With Acknowledgments to R. E. Roberts.

FEAR not, Cornubia, whose enchanting borders
The young and emerald Atlantic laves,
That I would join those rhythmical recorders
Who hymn the glories of your coves and caves.
My Muse, exempt from all divine disorders,
A less exacting occupation craves.
I merely wish in rhyme to celebrate your
Inimitable local nomenclature.

Tre, Pol, and Pen—upon this simple basis
What gorgeous superstructures are upreared !
Suggestive of extinct primeval races
Who wild in woad across the downs careered ;
Who covered up their formidable faces
In one continuous wilderness of beard,
Long ere the sleek suburbanite or Surreyman
Came down in motor-'buses to Polurrian.

Boconnoc and Polperro and Poltesco,
Chysoyster and Chytodden and Gue Graze,
Bosparva, Stithians, Praze-an-Beeble, Tresco,
With unfamiliar melody amaze.
(The hungry tourist, picnicking *al fresco*,
Can scarce without a thrill on Zennor gaze.)
Probus recalls the Romans, so does Par ;
And Gweek may rightly end this list bizarre.

I love your Saints, especially St. Blazey.
He must have been a frank and festive soul ;
Whose motto was the Cornish of 'Be aisy,'
Whose post was that of chaplain to King Cole.
St. Gluvias' theology was hazy ;
He laid no ban upon the flowing bowl ;
And never did the spirit of rebellion
Disturb the ministry of St. Endellion.

Mawgan attracts me by its uncouth spelling
(There are no piers or Pierponts on its strand) ;
But Mevagissey, sibilantly swelling,
Sounds like a roller hissing up the sand.
Mullion, remote within her ramparts dwelling,
Booms forth a diapason deep and grand.
And where did reefs more ominous in name
Than Manacles their sad sea-harvest claim ?

But 'mid this strange and memorable muster
Four names emerge triumphant from the rest :—
Luxulyan, gleaming with exotic lustre ;
Halzephron, tow'ring like a giant's crest ;
Lostwithiel, blending in one fragrant cluster
All the romance and magic of the West.
Last, and fit cadence for a verse to die on,
The noblest name in Cornwall, Marazion.

And yet, believing that a foreign label
Can gild the glamour of this ancient coast,
Railway directors, otherwise unable
To lure the vulgar pleasure-hunting host,
On hoarding and on poster and time-table
Of Cornwall's ' Riviera ' proudly boast—
As though St. Just in Roseland need entice
The lovers of the Gambler's Paradise !

MÉLODIES DU SIÈCLE



ODE TO DISCORD.

HENCE, loathèd Melody, whose name recalls
 The mellow fluting of the nightingale
 In some sequestered vale,
 The murmur of the stream
 Heard in a dream,
 Or drowsy splash of distant waterfalls.
 But thou, divine Cacophony, assume
 Thy rightful overlordship in her room,
 And with Percussion's stimulating aid
 Expel the heavenly but no longer youthful maid.

Bestir ye, minions of the goddess new,
 And pay her homage due.
 First let the gong's reverberating clang
 With clash of shivering metal
 Inaugurate the reign of *Sturm und Drang*.
 Let drums (bass, side, and kettle)
 Add to the general welter, and conspire
 To set our senses furiously on fire.

Noise, yet more noise, I say. Ye trumpets, blare
In unrelated keys and rend the affrighted air.
Nor let the shrieking piccolo refrain
To pierce the midmost marrow of the brain.
Bleat, cornets, bleat, and let the loud bassoon
Bay like a bloodhound at the full-orbed moon.

 Last, with stentorian roar,
To consummate our musical Majuba,
 Let the profound bass tuba
Emit one long and Brobdingnagian snore.

Ye demons of unrest, your efforts spare.
The ancient fane that stood four-square
 For thrice an hundred years
 Crashes about our ears.
No more shall Music's votaries endure
 The stream of sound that flows
 Monotonously pure
From a crystalline source to an insipid close.
 Beethoven is sped,
 His works are dead,
Or merely minister to our postprandial slumbers.
Wagner has reached the limbo of back numbers.

But we, blithe anarchists of a hustling era,

With rapture unalloyed,

Pursue amain the strenuous Chimaera

That boometh in the void.

We, scorning beauty as a snare insidious,

Salute the abnormal and acclaim the hideous,

With pious ululations ushering in

The unassailed dominion of unbridled din.

STANZAS SUGGESTED BY A NEW
SYMPHONIC POEM.

IN the orient air of autumn, fanned by Mareotic fires,
Where the stately salamanders curtsey to their sacred sires,
I beheld a wondrous vision, mirrored in the holophote,
Of nostalgic Rosicrucians entering the asymptote.

Plants of hypodermic basil on the margin stood arrayed ;
Elfin hordes in anticlimax bathed in seas of marmalade ;
And the obstinate allurements of the arrogant bassoon
Lent a silken iridescence to the mediæval moon.

Leaders of these lurid revels, Garibaldi I espied
With a shoal of pterodactyls prancing gaily by his side ;
Phuphluns, the Etruscan Bacchus, Gorboduc and
Skanderbeg
Romping in divine confusion with the late Miss
Kilmansegg.

Goliardic cachinnations soon athwart the welkin rang,
Parasang in diapason booming unto parasang,
Till the saturnine Colossus, joining grimly in the fray,
Passed in oval ululation far beyond the Milky Way.

Then the myrmidons of Argos, mounted on their
 hippogriffs,
Swooped in semilunar squadrons from the Dalecarlian
 cliffs ;
Plunging their empurpled poniards in the bosom of the
 brine,
Till the minarets of Moscow sank into the Serpentine.

Oh, the rapture of the conflict, when the corybantic
 crew
Clashed in fulsome adulation on the shores of Gillaroo !
Paladins of saintly presence, poets of seraphic quill—
Hannibal and Barbarossa, Caliban and Bobadil.

Suddenly the mist grew denser and the peacocks hove in
 sight,
Peacocks of peculiar flavour, kidnapped from the Isle of
 Wight,
Waving with impassioned gusto tails of elephantine girth,
While they sang, in plaintive accents, songs of agonising
 mirth.

But the oriflamme of Elba could no longer be defied,
And the satrap of Sahara claimed his long-forgotten bride,
Merging with supreme expansion, in the crucible of Hell,
Holocausts of *hara-kiri*, hecatombs of asphodel.

So the vision waned and vanished, and I found myself
alone

On the crest of Cotopaxi, in the Hanseatic zone,
Cantillating with an unction never paralleled by man,
Since the Balearic buglers scaled the heights of Matapan.

JUMBOMANIA

By a Musical Reactionary.

ONCE, of sheer sonority enamoured,
 Steeped in sumptuosity of sound,
 Chiefly for immensity I clamoured,
 Only in excess enjoyment found.
 Music of Gargantuan dimensions,
 Music full of diabolic din,
 Music of exorbitant pretensions
 Could alone my approbation win.

With unceasing ecstasy I revelled
 In the blare of trumpets and trombones,
 Grieving if the score was not bedevilled
 By a group of sixteen saxophones.
 On the shrieking piccolo I doated,
 Hailed the cornet bleating loud and long,
 O'er the cymbals' brassy clangour gloated,
 Welcomed every entry of the gong.

Bands below a hundred in their muster,
Bands that were not doubled in the brass,
I condemned as lacking life and lustre,
Relegated to the lowest class.
Once, in short, with size infatuated,
I believed the biggest was the best ;
Now, with elephantine uproar sated,
Jumbo-worship wholly I detest.

If you ask what, after long immersion
In the joys I've striven to unfold,
Has precipitated my conversion
To the paths and principles of old—
'Twas a new concerto for the tuba
(Written by an enterprising Dane)
Proved, if I may say so, the Majuba
In my megalolatrous campaign.

I declared, in my triumphant folly,
That without injurious results
I could stand the most terrific volley
Slung by instrumental catapults.
It was very rash of me to crow so,
As I found when things began to hum,
And the awful *Scherzo strepitoso*
Caused a puncture in my tympanum.

Now, though many reckon me a loony,
For rejecting the stentorian style,
I no longer crab Mozart as 'tuny,'
Or pronounce Beethoven infantile,
Finding in a single Chopin study
More of pure essential delight
Than can be distilled from all the muddy
Sea of transcendental blatherskite.

Musing therefore on my former blindness
In the light and freedom of to-day,
I declare I almost have a kindness
For the guides who tempted me astray.
For the more they drive us to distraction,
Boycotting all beauty as inane,
All the more they foster the reaction
Tow'rds the pure, the lovely, and the sane.

THE CRY OF THE BRITISH COMPOSER.

I AM a British composer, priding myself on my *nous*,
Trained in the methods of Wagner, steeped in the
science of Strauss.

Ev'ry device of the moderns I have at perfect command,
I can be strenuous, subtle, vicious, volcanic and bland,
Bold as a portrait by Sargent, weird as a novel by James—
Mine is the finest equipment linked to the highest of aims.
Physics, psychology, Tolstoi, Nietzsche, Lombroso,
Verlaine,

All have gone into my music, all are stored up in my
brain.

Ev'rything have I digested—ev'rything under the sun,
Till I am blest in possessing ev'ry advantage—save one.
I am a *British* composer, elbowed aside in the race—
Even a hearing denied me, doomed to enduring disgrace.

THE CRY OF THE BRITISH COMPOSER 75

Would it, I frequently wonder, give me the ghost of a
chance

If I renounced my relations, borrowed a surname from
France ?

Shall I become a Bohemian, shall I inscribe on my score,
' This is no English production, this is the work of a
Boer ' ?

Or is a Muscovite suffix, *imsky*, or *offsky*, or *vitch*,
Solely and wholly essential Englishmen's ears to bewitch ?
Must I insure my left elbow, must I develop a look
Less like a thoroughbred Briton than a diseased pastry-
cook ?

Tell me, O Concert Directors, tell me that I may begin
Changing my name and my nation, sloughing my
insular skin.

We are no megalomaniacs, planners of boycotting
schemes,

Bent upon turning the tables, flying to hostile extremes.
Gladly we bow to the masters, yield to their conquering
sway,

Only, as moderns with moderns, claim for the native
fair play ;—

Claim for his highest endeavour, claim for his work at
its best

Just an occasional hearing—surely a modest request :

Welcoming foreigners freely, yet, when their ‘place in
the sun ’

Comes to be reckoned in England, grudging them thirty
to one !

THE CARUSO CAROLS

After a well-known model.

WHY does the great Lord Burton brew so ?
To quench the thirst of his friend Caruso.

Why does the pit peruse ' *Who's Who* ' so ?
For further details of Sig. Caruso.

Why do the 'buses leave Waterloo so ?
They're bringing the suburbs to hear Caruso.

Why does my Alderney heifer 'moo' so ?
Because she fancies herself Caruso.

Why do the cats on the housetop mew so ?
They also confuse themselves with Caruso.

Why does the bride forgo her trousseau ?
To purchase a gallery seat for Caruso.

What made Miss Billington hullabaloo so ?
She mistook Mr. Asquith for Signor Caruso.

Why did the public lengthen the queue so ?
To see how the earthquake affected Caruso.

What put Poseidon in a stew so ?
His utter failure to shake Caruso.

What saddened the end of Brian Boru so ?
The thought that he never would hear Caruso.

Why do the duchesses rifle Kew so ?
For floral tributes to hurl at Caruso.

Why do the third-rate tenors boo so ?
It's their only chance to extinguish Caruso.

Why do the worshippers crowd the pew so ?
They hope that the hymn will be led by Caruso.

Why does Lloyd-George detest Lord Hugh so ?
This has nothing whatever to do with Caruso.

July, 1906.

FAIR GAME



A MODERN NABOB.

THOUGH five-and-twenty seasons, spent
 Where man is either brown or yellow,
 Have to our friend's complexion lent
 A warmth emphatically mellow,
 His accents are so full and clear,
 His curls so generously cluster,
 You'd never guess that his career
 Had nearly closed its thirteenth lustre.

Rotund in form, yet not obese ;
 Square built, or more correctly cubic,
 He scarcely ever shows a crease
 Upon his countenance cherubic.
 He wears an everlasting smile
 Of such impeccable sincerity,
 None but a cynic, steeped in guile,
 Could venture to impugn its verity.

A bachelor of ample means,
He stays in Yorkshire for the shooting ;
Then flits awhile to Southern scenes
Till April's blasts have ceased their hooting.
A month or two in town he spends
Till Fashion's whirl grows hot and heady,
Then starts with some congenial friends
To golf until the grouse are ready.

Though somewhat shortish off the tee,
He seldom fozzles his approaches ;
And ladies readily agree
That he's the very best of coaches.
And if in singles he may fail
Against the longest drivers pitted,
In foursomes, whether mixed or male,
His skill is cordially admitted.

His taste in raiment quite suggests
The sojourner in regions torrid ;
And in the pattern of his vests
He shows a leaning tow'rds the florid.
He runs to highly coloured ties,
He lays his colour on in splashes,
And on the tennis-lawn supplies
Relief by his flamboyant sashes.

His conversation never flags,
He never uses slang expressions,
He quotes a few Horatian tags,
He keeps an album of confessions,
He thinks that an excess of brain
Impairs the real charm of ladies,
He finds the novels of Hall Caine
Are quite as noble as *Quo Vadis*?

Above Parnassus' lower slope
He has no notion of ascending,
But Lindsay Gordon, Laurence Hope,
Fill him with ecstasy unending.
He much admires the luscious lays
Composed by Mrs. Woodforde-Finden,
And I have heard him highly praise
The lilt of Campbell's 'Hohenlinden.'

Unmoved by dietetic whims,
He quaffs whatever tipples handy,
And at the dinner-table brims
His glass with port, champagne, and brandy;
He sleeps nine solid hours at night
Untroubled by digestive worries,
And still retains his appetite
For chutney and the hottest curries.

Distinguished in the smoking-room
For yarns of tropical adventure,
Elsewhere he's careful to assume
An attitude that baffles censure,
Surprising clerics by his flow
Of talk on foreign fanes and minsters,
And cheerfully prepared to go
And dance with uninviting spinsters.

How long, you ask, can he maintain
This bounding, boyish versatility?
I know not, and it gives me pain
To link him with the least senility.
But let me, ere this rhyme is o'er,
One pious aspiration utter,
That I may see him at four-score
Still wield his famous wooden putter.

JOHN BULL JUNIOR.

My subject's a cheerful young party,
 Whose age is approaching fifteen ;
 Whose appetite's thoroughly hearty,
 Whose temper is bland and serene.
 At pastime he's highly proficient,
 But inquiries abundantly prove
 That he's terribly far from omniscient,
 Except in one limited groove.

For instance, his industry's tireless
 In getting his *Wisden* by rote ;
 But of Signor Marconi (the wireless)
 He takes the most negligent note.
 He can't tell the whereabouts clearly
 Of Pau, Paramatta, or Prague,
 But he'll talk by the hour about Brearley,
 He'll tell you the birthplace of Haigh.

He's weak on the Wars of the Roses,
But Lilley he hugely admires.
If you cite Dr. Johnson, he dozes,
But Jackson his ecstasy fires.
He can't tell a brig from a schooner,
Or a cormorant from a curléw,
But he knows all the virtues of Spooner
(Who isn't the Warden of New).

Why Chamberlain's down on the 'dumper'
He knows not and cares not to learn,
But he knows the religion of Trumper,
The family tree of Jack Hearne ;
He ardently aims at achieving
A place in his County's eleven ;
And he recently owned to believing
That there's to be cricket in Heaven.

For the moment this amiable stripling
In a (flannelled) Fool's Paradise dwells,
Unheeding the strictures of Kipling,
Neglecting the warnings of Wells.
If he ever emerges or duly
Develops, remains to be seen ;
Meanwhile he exemplifies truly
Our Governing Class at fifteen.

THE GOLFER'S WIFE

OF perfect stamina possessed,
From centenarians descended,
Jones spends his lifetime in the quest
Of health—although his health is splendid.
Last year he throve upon a fare
Which now he views with utter loathing,
And monthly he elects to wear
New hygienic underclothing.

His doctors order exercise,
Fresh air and healthy recreation ;
And Jones assiduously tries
To combat physical stagnation.
Llandrindod welcomes him to-day,
To-morrow Droitwich lures him brinewards ;
Next week 'tis Bath, or Alum Bay,
Or Bournemouth, and he hurries pinewards.

At scholarship inclined to scoff,
Yet fond of neither dogs nor horses,
Upon his diet and his golf
Jones focusses his mental forces ;
Unmoved by mountain peaks sublime,
Or 'mid the most enchanting greenery,
Because he's musing all the time
On his inside, and not the scenery.

To travel with this fearsome freak,
This valetudinarian loafer,
I should decline, though for one week
He gave me all the gold of Ophir.
Yet his self-sacrificing spouse,
All normal interests resigning,
Beneath her lifelong burden bows
Without the semblance of repining.

With him she trots from links to links,
Wearing a smile of saintly meekness ;
With him eternal cocoa drinks
Though China tea's her special weakness.
Nor is her sympathy profound
Relaxed at luncheon or at dinner,
When Jones reconstitutes each round,
And turns the tables on the winner.

Fine weather keeps him out of doors,
But when it rains or even drizzles—
The slightest moisture he abhors—
Her fate is worse than patient Grizel's.
For Jones exacts attentive heed
To his malingering recital,
And poses as an invalid
When Mrs. Jones deserves the title.

No chance of respite or reward
To her the future seems to offer,
Unless some random rubber-cored
Despatches this dyspeptic golfer.
Already shrunken to a shred
By her devotion self-denying,
She perseveres, and when she's dead
He'll blame her selfishness in dying.

Divines are wont to disagree
Acutely in regard to Heaven,
Some doctors holding it to be
A single sphere, and others seven ;
But Jones's consort entertains
No doubt about one crucial question ;
There will, upon the heav'nly plains,
Be neither golf nor indigestion.

THE NEW MOTHER

THOUGH our age lacks the beau and the dandy,
It fosters, we all must admit,
One *monstrum conspicuum et grande*—
The New British Matron to wit.
I haven't a Juvenal's passion,
I haven't the grace of a Praed,
Yet to paint her, in amateur fashion,
In the following lines I've essayed.

Her eyes are decidedly greenish,
Her hair is the colour of bronze,
Her figure's inclined to be leanish,
Her accents resemble a Don's.
At home, when her mood's esoteric,
In drapery flowing she's 'gowned' ;
But when she plays golf at North Berwick,
Her skirts are a foot from the ground.

Her hobbies are all of the newest,
You cannot keep pace with her fads ;
Last session of Tories the bluest,
To-day she's the reddest of Rads.
Last year she was sailing a cutter,
And nearly capsized in a squall ;
Now her cult's the Schenectady putter,
Her idol the rubber-cored ball.

In matters of diet decrying
Routine as the direst of plagues,
One day on the butcher relying,
The next she's a pupil of Haig's.
One week she teetotalling gaily ;
The next, from this heresy free,
You'll find she will dose herself daily
With Kümmel at five o'clock tea.

Her favourite philosophy's Nietzsche's,
Her favourite composer is Strauss ;
Mr. Grayson's anarchical speeches
Attract her alone to the House.
She smokes an imposing narghile,
She dotes on the dramas of Shaw ;
She thinks William Shakspeare is silly,
That Sargent's unable to draw.

If you mention the novels of Dickens,
Or praise the romances of Scott,
She'll tell you their sentiment sickens,
The character drawing is 'rot.'
But in truth from the lash of her censure
Few moderns immunity gain,
For she scoffs at the tale of adventure,
And sneers at the Servants'-Hall Caine.

Her *rôle* is to shine and be witty,
And treat all tradition as fudge ;
Her husband's, to slave in the City,
A patient and dutiful drudge.
His sandy complexion and freckles
Excite her undying disdain,
But as long as he rakes in the shekels
A martyr she means to remain.

Her children she loves when they're quiet ;
She sends them to bed when they shriek ;
And she changes their dress and their diet
And their lessons, at least once a week.
Now of early Victorian Vandals
Enforcing the rigidest rule,
Now 'ethical safeguards,' and sandals,
And the gospel of good Mrs. Boole.

Yet alike in her mien and her temper
There's nothing that's notably new ;
It was written *mutabile semper*
Two thousand years back, and it's true.
Nay an earlier classical chiel, you
Remember the saying of course,
Summed her up in his δεινὸν τὸ θῆλυ,
A dictum we still may endorse.

But this freak of the feminine gender,
Though apt our annoyance to move,
Is mostly a youthful offender,
And seldom too old to improve.
When she's schooled by adversity's training,
And grows less ungentle in mind,
There's a hope of her possibly gaining
Some hold on the hearts of her kind.

THE END OF EVOLUTION.

[‘ Mr. T. H. Holding, Editor of the *London Tailor*, lecturing on Dress at St. James’s Hall, observed, “ We have reached finality so far as the dress of the English gentleman is concerned. The trousers of to-day will not only be the trousers of the next fifty or sixty years, but of the next one hundred million.” ’—*Daily Mail*, October 16, 1902.]

SINCE Heracleitus, long ago
 His maxim πάντα ῥεῖ propounded,
 And those who held a *status quo*
 To be maintainable, confounded,
 Prophet and poet, sage and don—
 Wherever speculation ranges—
 Unite in ringing changes on
 The theme that all creation changes.

Tout lasse, tout passe : you have by rote,
 No doubt, the shining lines of Shelley ;
 Or, failing them, can aptly quote
 Some parallel from Miss Corelli.

And all bewail the lot of man
Who by no method of insurance
Can foil the universal ban
That robs achievement of endurance.

‘Where once was Troy stand cornfields now’ ;
And Homer from his mute and chill lips
Sends forth no word to tell us how
He likes the *Odyssey* of Phillips.
Vixere fortes : but they flit ;
John Burns succeeds to Caius Gracchus,
As Rosebery succeeds to Pitt,
And Horace Hutchinson to Flaccus.

Yet ’mid this maze of shifting sands,
This crude kaleidoscopic welter,
One institution rocklike stands,
One solid structure gives us shelter.
Though asses stamp where Jamshyd reigned,
Though needle-guns give place to Mausers,
Finality has been attained
In one department—that of TROUSERS.

O triumph of the tailor's goose,
Destined to last for endless æons,
Though sculptors greet thee with abuse,
We hail thee with ecstatic pæans.
For man, whom disappointment dogs,
Whose other works demand correction,
Here sets on his immortal togs
The seal of absolute perfection.

MILES GLORIOSUS.

[Mr. Eustace Miles, the well-known racquet and tennis player, advocates, in the *Daily Mail*, the reform of cricket by studying the methods of the American base-ball pitcher and by the adoption of a special course of gymnastic training. 'Alert watching, followed by quick starts, full and fast extensions, together with bodily poise kept or else rapidly recovered,' he considers to be physical virtues which 'might have a decided mental effect upon the nation, and especially upon its commerce.']

Not long ago, in virile verse,
 Our Rudyard, eloquently railing,
 Marked our decline from bad to worse,
 And laid his finger on each failing.

How could, he asked, the island race
 Expect to dominate the Channel
 So long as pride of foremost place
 Was given to our fools in flannel?

The fires of controversy blazed
 And Pemberton, renouncing fiction,
 Against the football-fetish raised
 His voice in strident malediction.

HUMOURS OF THE FRAY

Must we then, at our Kipling's call,
Discrown the sovereignty of cricket ?
Boycott, with Max, the blameless ball,
And make it criminal to kick it ?

‘No, no,’ we hear great Miles exclaim,
A champion athlete, tough and lusty,
‘It’s not the game that is to blame ;
It is the method that is musty.

‘In cricket, just as in combines,
Fas est ab hostibus doceri,
And played on Transatlantic lines
The game no longer need be dreary.

‘Only let baseball players be
Our guides in catching, throwing, smiting,
And very shortly you will see
Kipling a palinode inditing.

‘I also purpose to impart,
Among a host of new inventions,
Command of poise, of sudden start,
Followed by “full and fast extensions.”

‘Nor will these virtues be confined
Merely within the sphere of muscle ;
They obviously react on mind,
And teach a nation how to “hustle.”

‘Thus Britain will behold anew
Her faded laurels proudly blossom,
In cricket floor the Kangaroo,
In commerce rout the slim opossum.’

DREAMS À LA DRUMONT.

[‘ England will take Algeria, and Chamberlain will realise his dream of being Duke of Algeria.’—*M. Edouard Drumont in the ‘ Libre Parole.’*]

WHEN England takes Algeria,
By force of arms or fluke,
And makes it a Siberia,
With Chamberlain as Duke :
No longer melancholic,
But full of fire and frolic,
The Unionists will rollick
Back into power and place :
When England takes Algeria,
And Joe becomes His Grace.

When Greece takes San Marino
On reformation bent,
And chooses Mr. Eno
To be its President ;
Then from the heights of Hæmus
Will Romulus and Remus
Descend with Polyphemus

In revelry insane :
When Greece takes San Marino
And Eno 'gins his reign.

When Mona's Isle is captured
By battleships from Spain,
And when the Dons, enraptured,
Proceed to crown Hall Caine :
Oh, won't the Pope feel better,
And Wilhelm send a letter
Conferring on his *Vetter*
An Eagle with three necks ?
When Mona's Isle is captured,
And Caine becomes her *Rex*.

When Russia captures Delhi,
And, lopping Minto's head,
Instals Marie Corelli
As Begum in his stead :
What marvellous romances,
Teeming with luscious fancies,
What weird macabrous dances
Her pen will perpetrate :
When Delhi has Corelli
As ruler of the State !

When China learns from Harris
In homespun tweeds to dress,
And when Lord Rosebery marries
The Dowager Empréss :
O what felicitations,
What sumptuous oblations,
What orotund orations
From Stirling will flow in ;
When Rosebery quits Harris
To be a Mandarin !

When Ireland is a nation,
And all the joybells ring
To hail the importation
Of Drumont as her King :
Then will the waves of Liffey,
No longer swart and sniffy,
Yield freely in a jiffy
Superlative ozone ;
When Ireland is a nation,
And Drumont's on the throne.

BACK TO THE LAND.

[Sir Harry Johnston advocates the prudent revival of the wolf as likely to enhance the amenities of rural England.]

‘REVIVE the wolf,’ so runs the rede ;
 But why this partial resurrection ?
 Why foster one ferocious breed,
 When all deserve the same protection ?

I’m sure the countryside would wear
 A charm immeasurably greater
 If ev’ry copse concealed a bear,
 And ev’ry stream an alligator.

Think of the added zest of life
 If dwellers in suburban villas
 Were constantly engaged in strife
 With stout and strenuous gorillas ?

If on the verdant village green
 Where in the summer Dick and Tom bat,
 The wallaby were always seen,
 Attended by the wily wombat.

HUMOURS OF THE FRAY

If on the margin of the mere
The peccary serenely grunted ;
If giant sloths in mid career
The automobilist confronted.

If in the gardens that we love
Great bustards roosted in the willows,
The chimpanzee dislodged the dove,
And ants gave place to armadillos.

This were a piquant change indeed,
Transforming tedium to riot ;
No longer tonics should we need,
Nor fancy stimulating diet.

The highly seasoned tale would flag
That gives us now such stimulation ;
The spicy play would droop and lag
Beside this rural innovation.

How does the new prescription run ?
We ask the medical profession—
' A country walk without a gun
Will dissipate all nerve depression.'

DE SENECTUTE

[A ladies' paper in a recent issue condemns that 'quaint middle-class idea that one should "sober down" after marriage. . . . Never—never ought any human being to sober down and lose the zest and pleasure and fun that might be theirs in life.']

Too long have we beheld endure

The vicious, obsolete tradition

Which banned in folk of age mature

The slightest mental ebullition ;

But now at last we joy to see—

Thanks to the preaching of the papers—

Octogenarian elders free

To cut the most audacious capers.

'Tis well to lead a strenuous life

Up to the tenth or dozenth lustre,

But then, for man and maid and wife,

Arrives the time to go a 'buster' ;

Then should we fling aside restraint,

Then plunge into the gay cotillion,

And strive unflinchingly to paint

The town and suburbs bright vermilion.

However pedagogues may frown
And view such dicta with disfavour,
The folk who never sober down
Confer on life its saltiest savour.
The grandmother who wears a cap
Incurs her family's displeasure ;
But if she sets a booby-trap
And wears a fringe, she is a treasure.

Shakspeare pronounced, one must admit,
Grey hairs in jesters unbecoming ;
But such a creed is all unfit
To keep the universe a-humming.
The onset of old age affrights
Only the dolt who scorns to frivol,
Not him who dares to scale the heights
Of unadulterated drivel.

THE GOLFER'S PROTEST

[‘ Many worthy golfers, who do not know that they are speaking insincerely, attribute, in conversation, the pleasure they feel in pursuing their game to the agreeable surroundings in which it is pursued ; but my secret belief is that they pay more attention to the lie of the little white ball, and the character of the bunkers, than to the pageantry of sea and sky.’—*From a College Window*, in the *Cornhill*, October, 1905.]

A NAMELESS writer in the *Cornhill* thinks
That modern golfers, when they're on the links,
Are so besotted by the little ball
As to be deaf and blind to Nature's call.

This proposition, in my humble view,
Is utterly malicious and untrue,
As any honest reader will admit
If he will listen to me for a bit.

Thus, never seems the skylark's note to me
So shrill as when I fozzle off the tee ;
Never the duckling tunes a livelier lay
Than when I throw an easy putt away.

Nor do the feathered tribe alone arouse
Emotion in the golfer ; sometimes cows
Will stir him strangely, and a casual goat
Has led to language that I dare not quote.

To heedless minds, as Wordsworth sang of yore,
A primrose is a primrose, nothing more.
To me a blade of grass, however small,
Becomes a portent if it touch my ball.

Non-golfing persons, when they see a sloe,
Nor even several, do not care a blow.
I never see a sloe but I am thrilled
With memories of the gin therefrom distilled.

I love the golden glory of the gorse—
When I am in the middle of the course,
And my opponent drives into the whins,
Loses his ball, and scarifies his shins.

Golf, too, has taught me clearly to disting-
uish heath (with bells) from heather, *alias* ling ;
The latter, past all question, of the two
Needing more beef to whack the globule through.

Golf also teaches me to note the habits
Of various rodents, notably of rabbits,
Whose burrows oftentimes I have explored
Searching in vain for my Lost (rubber)-Cored.

Again, I take an interest deep and keen
In earthworms, when I'm playing through the green ;
Likewise the operations of the mole
Electrify at times my pensive soul.

Need more be said ? The case is crystal clear ;
The golfer's love of Nature *is* sincere ;
The eye that ' from a college window ' blinks
Had not the penetration of the lynx.

THE BRIGHT ROSALEEN

A Study in Manganese Metre.

[‘Ireland grows less fearful with every season. . . . The Tourist Association is working hard to take the terror out of Irish hotels. You can now live decently in almost every quarter of Ireland. . . . The smallest jest makes one cheerful in this happy kingdom. . . . It will be in time, I believe, as popular with the tourists of all nations as Switzerland, and that is the brightest destiny to which it can look, and for which it should work.’—Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE in the *Daily Mail*.]

O MY rare Rosaleen,
Do not wail, do not weep !
The pressmen are on the swift turbine,
They fly across the deep.
Bart Kennedy’s on the tramp,
He is painting all London green,
And the *Daily Mail* on your shores shall camp,
My rich Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
Shall cure your ills, shall dry your damp,
Shall make you expand like a verdant gamp,
My bright Rosaleen !

All day long in unrest
Up and down do I rove,
I've wept upon Carn Tual's crest,
I've smiled in Blarney's Grove.
But yet will I relume
Your fame with my stylo's sheen :
'Tis you shall blossom and bound and boom,
My bright Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
'Tis you for all tripperdom shall find room
From now unto the ding of doom,
My bright Rosaleen !

Over dikes, over dells
Will I fly for your weal ;
I'll brave your terrible hotels,
Your meagre mid-day meal,
Until on your lawns and links
From the screech of dawn till e'en
You join in all my high old jinks
My gay Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
You pledge me in the longest drinks,
My amiable, my Emerald Sphinx,
My bright Rosaleen !

I could scale the North Pole,
I could drink up the Clyde,
Oh, I could eat sea-serpents whole
To make you the Tripper's Bride !
For, however poor and slim,
One joke from your lips, I ween,
Can thrill the pulses in ev'ry limb,
My arch Rosaleen !
My quaint Rosaleen !
Can lend my copy a juicy vim,
Can give it the lilt of the Cherubim,
My bright Rosaleen !

O the Liffey shall turn
To a crystalline stream,
And Mr. Walter Long discern
Good in Dunraven's scheme,
And the Gaels shall take to tea,
And boycott the best potheen,
Ere you forget the *Mail* and Me,
My rare Rosaleen !
My own Rosaleen !
O Ireland's Eye shall be sunk in the sea,
Ere you recover from Harold B.,
My bright Rosaleen !

ETHICAL CLOTHING

By a Liberal M.P.

[‘Can there not be found men and women possessing the requisite gifts who will gladly devote to the promotion of ethical clothing something of the time the energy, and the thoughtful deliberation so freely lavished upon other national objects?’—*Lady Portsmouth in ‘The Tribune,’ Jan. 27, 1906.*]

WHEN in my salad days I ran
 To pay a visit to my tailor,
 I thought no more of ethics than
 The bosun of a North Sea whaler.

By birth and breeding disinclined
 To emulate the ways of slatterns,
 I used my taste but not my mind
 In choosing fashionable patterns.

Unto the ordeal of the tape
 I unconcernedly submitted,
 Content if my corporeal shape
 Alone was adequately fitted.

I took, of course, some interest
In colours, textures, and in tissues,
But never in my folly guessed
That dress was touched to nobler issues.

But now I see that, on the whole,
The path of life becomes less festive,
I tune my clothing to my soul,
And make my very spats suggestive.

Thus, when I don my Harris tweeds
It is because my heart is softer,
And metaphorically bleeds
With fellow feeling for the crofter.

Or if I muse on Ireland's wrongs
And on the feuds that have convulsed her,
My grief is not expressed in songs
But in my heaviest frieze ulster.

No longer lavishly attired
I lend a lustre to the Lobby ;
My raiment now is all inspired
By Herbert Spencer—not by 'Bobby.'

There's toleration in my ties,
My waistcoats all are altruistic,
My aquascutum signifies
An inclination to the mystic.

Self-help's the keynote of my hose,
Humility my shirt-front teaches,
Content my dressing-gowns disclose,
And piety my collar preaches.

And O my sisters, unto you
Let me address one word of warning :
Bid fashion's giddy modes adieu,
Let ethics govern your adorning.

Take, in regard to hats and shoes,
Marcella as your guide, not Becky ;
And study, ere your frocks you choose,
The works of Bentham, Mill, and Lecky.

THE TWO DESPERADOES.

[‘ Mr. William Le Queux and Harry de Windt left London yesterday for Arctic Lapland.’—*Daily Mail*, August 13, 1907.]

THE two boldest heroes that ever I kneux
Were William de Windt and Harry Le Queux.

They were harder than nails, they were harder than flindt,
Were Harry Le Queux and William de Windt.

Savage Landor turned pink and De Rougemont turned
bleux
At William de Windt and Harry Le Queux.

Each had in his eye an adventurous glindt,
Had Harry Le Queux and William de Windt.

They touched with romance the drab page of *Who's*
Who,
Did William de Windt and Harry Le Queux.

The language was often too luscious to prindt,
Of Harry Le Queux and William de Windt.

No man was so brave as to dare to say Beux !
To William de Windt and Harry Le Queux.

They obeyed no command and they took not a hindt,
Did Harry Le Queux and William de Windt.

They were always received with applause at the Zeux,
Were William de Windt and Harry Le Queux.

The earnings could hardly be stored at the Mindt,
Of Harry Le Queux and William de Windt.

They chartered a yacht with a cannibal creux,
Did William de Windt and Harry Le Queux.

They dyed their moustaches a terrible tindt,
Did Harry Le Queux and William de Windt.

They purchased fur coats from the Wandering Jeux,
Did William de Windt and Harry Le Queux.

And they padded their waistcoats with bullet-proof lindt,
Did Harry Le Queux and William de Windt.

Now they're gone to the Arctic together--Hurreux
For William de Windt and Harry Le Queux !

DANGEROUS DECLARATIONS.

[‘Mr. Max Pemberton added that he showed the policeman the speedometer, and the constable appeared to be quite agitated. “Was the constable agitated before or after hearing your name?” asked the prosecuting solicitor. Mr. Pemberton, after a moment’s hesitation, replied: “Probably after.” . . . The magistrate dismissed the case.’ — *Westminster Gazette*, April 26, 1907.]

WHEN Hall is hurrying to the train
And tells the porter ‘I am Caine!’
Tears from the porter flow like rain.

When William, entering a pew,
Unconsciously remarks ‘Le Queux,’
Vicars turn pink and vergers blue.

When Newnes is dining at the Ritz,
And murmurs to himself ‘Tit-Bits,’
The waiters and the *chef* have fits.

When Lee declines his dexter lid,
And says 'Conductor, I am Sid,'
The bus at once begins to skid.

When Henry Arthur whispers 'Jones'
To cheer a pauper breaking stones,
The pauper usually groans.

When George, inside a tram close packed,
Cries 'Alexander !' it's a fact
They have to read the Riot Act.

When Bernard, ordering sea-kale,
Says 'G. B. S.,' greengrocers quail
And grow unnaturally pale.

When Henry at Olympic games
Says to the heralds, 'Way for James !'
'Οἶμοι' the King of Greece exclaims.

When Parker haunts the Zoo, and when
He tells the keepers 'Louis N.,'
They shelter in the lions' den.

When Rudyard buys a mutton chop,
And adds, 'I'm Kipling,' butchers flop,
And panic decimates the shop.

When Anthony salutes the Pope
With the announcement 'I am Hope,'
The staidest Cardinals elope.

When Beerbohm, crossing o'er the sea,
Informs a simple tar 'I'm Tree,'
It gives the simple tar D.T.

When Sandgate's prophet, gathering shells,
Informs the sea, 'I'm H. G. Wells,'
The sea uproariously swells.

When Chesterton at Court appears,
Lord Althorp, as the name he hears,
Dissolves into a flood of tears.

When Silas to the King says 'Hocking,'
The consequences are so shocking
Four continents are set a-rocking.



RENDERINGS FROM THE ROMAIC



THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

[The original of these lines was written more than seventy years ago by the Greek poet Alexander Soutsos, as a satiric protest against a decree, passed under the Presidency of Capodistrias, which gagged the Press while professing to secure its freedom.]

'Twas a Minister addressed me, with a radiant face of
joy,

'Soutsos,' cried he, 'friend of freedom, glorious news I
bring, old boy.

I have framed a law, a Press law, fifteen Articles com-
prising,

And by dint of my devising,

Freedom's granted to the Press!—*provided that you use
no slighting*

Language of a State official,

Or of any functionary, Ministerial or Judicial,

*Freedom's granted to the Press,—provided you refrain from
writing.*

I've a brother who's a Prefect, quite a prodigy of zeal ;
And my cousin, worthy fellow, holds a Judgeship of
Appeal.

I, too, have some tidy pickings in my own snug sinecure,
Still, I dote on free discussion, gagging I can not endure.
Freedom's granted to the Press ! &c.

There's a friend of mine, a colleague, who is always in a
fright

Lest his shady antecedents should be dragged into the
light.

Well, the other day I heard him loudly 'gainst the
Papers bellow.

Sir, I did my very utmost to suppress the silly fellow.
Freedom's granted to the Press ! &c.

Henceforth at your writing-table you can sit and freely
bait us,

In your choicest doggerel slate us,

Anything that doesn't please you, any aggravated person,
You may write satiric verse on.

Freedom's granted to the Press ! &c.

What on earth delays you, Soutsos? Speedily your
penknife seize,

Point your quill, and place your notebook comfortably
on your knees.

There's red ink, if you prefer it; yes, red makes the
best beginning;

Sift us all, and show no quarter or compassion on the
sinning.

Freedom's granted to the Press!—*provided that you use
no slighting*

Language of a State official,

Or of any functionary, Ministerial or Judicial,

*Freedom's granted to the Press,—provided you refrain from
writing.*

THE BRAGGART

'Ο Κανχησιάρης

From the Romaic of Alexander Soutsos.

Soutsos, if there is a creature whom I heartily abhor,
 'Tis the knave who blows his trumpet noisily from door
 to door.

T'other day a blatant braggart—always at it, day and
 night—

Sought to deafen me outright.

Bygone grandeur, stale achievements, formed the staple
 of his story,

Just as if I were a dunce

And a baby, all at once,

And had never heard of greatness, or of riches, or of
 glory !

He began to prate and prattle of the number of his cattle,
Sheep and billygoats he counted, too,
In an endless tittle-tattle ;
Then he told me what the acres of his property amounted
to.
'Will you sell it ? Name your figure !' to the fool I
nearly cried ;
 'I'm the greatest squire, d'ye know,
 Thebes or Negropont can show ;'
But I swallowed down my anger—bragging I can *not*
abide.

Everyone admits of me, without a point unduly stretching,
 That I'm handsome, young, and fetching ;
That my lips are coral red, my teeth like pearls whene'er
I show 'em—
 Every attitude a poem ;
And that in the gay mazurka with angelic grace I glide.
Ten fine girls for love of me have fall'n into a sad decline !
But I don't proclaim it on the housetops, like some friends
of mine ;—
Boasting is my pet aversion, boasting I can *not* abide.

You've no notion of the numbers—Greeks and foreigners renowned—

Who frequent my house on business, morn and evening,
to and fro,

Till my head spins round and round,
As I watch them doff before me hats and turbans, louting
low.

Do you know that correspondence of a nature manifold
With *ten* Cabinets I hold ?

That I am the confidant of every creature that I know—
But I'd sooner bite my tongue off than tell anybody so.

It's a most ill-starred anomaly by politics afforded,
Genius *never* is rewarded.

Men of most inferior metal in the Cabinet hold places ;
While, in spite of all my talent, all my intellectual
graces,

I've not yet become the Premier—as I must one day,
of course—

But amid the Opposition benches bawl until I'm hoarse.
Still, I'd sooner cut my hand off than attempt to calculate
The incalculable services I've rendered to the State.

I should be a noted person, and in human estimation

Hold a most exalted station,

Were I not so mighty inodest,—loth my deeds abroad to
blazon ;

But I *can* not blow my trumpet,—I could never be so
brazen !

Praise me, then, dear Soutsos, do !

And I'll lay it thick on you,

That the world may learn at last our real merits to
appraise,

And allow no shamefaced braggart to deprive us of our
bays.

A VISION OF DRAGATZÁN

*An episode in the Greek War of Independence.
From the Romaic of Alexander Soutsos.*

CRADLED in the arms of slumber Athens lay at dead of
night ;
I alone my vigils keeping watched the lamp's unsteady
light
Burning in my silent chamber with a dim and fitful
flame,
Till my senses slowly left me, and at last oblivion came.
But in dreams the Sacred Legion I beheld before me
stand ;
Saw my brother, my Demetrius, chief of that heroic
band.

Pale as death he seemed, my brother, while in stern
unfaltering mood
Round him his undaunted Legion, closely gathered round
him, stood,

Chosen youths of Greece, in beauty as in bravery the
first,
Worthy sons of those who erst
At Thermopylæ contended 'neath Leonidas' command.
Thus I saw him, my Demetrius, chief of that heroic
band.

As I gazed, methought upon me he upturned his dimming
eye,
Recognised me and embraced me, saying, 'Brother, I
must die !'
Then he bared his gleaming falchion and alone, but un-
dismayed,
Flew to charge the mounted myriads, trusting to his
single blade.
And the Legion charged behind him, by avenging fury
fanned.
Thus I saw him, my Demetrius, chief of that heroic
band.

All the ridges of the hills were swarming with the
Othman hordes,
All the valley swayed and quivered, bristling with un-
numbered swords ;

I could see them, see their myriads, filling every copse
and hollow,
And I heard a clarion voice that shouted, 'Gallant comrades,
follow,
Follow me, and charge the foemen ; fear not steel nor
blazing brand !'
'Twas my brother, my Demetrius, chief of that heroic
band.

And I saw him rush upon them, dealing death at every
blow ;
Saw him smite and saw him smitten, falling, rising, falling
low.
Then methought I ran to aid him, heard him say with
faltering voice,
'I am dying, dying early, yet I grieve not, nay, rejoice ;
In the glorious cause of Freedom I at least have raised
my hand.'
Weltering in thy blood, Demetrius, thy familiar form I
scanned.

Dragatzán ! in ancient ages scant renown was on thee
shed,
Now about thy meadows hover shadows of the mighty
dead ;

Boast henceforth : 'I was a witness of the thrice-illustrious fray ;
In my vales the new Three Hundred, Spartans of a later day,
Shed the last drop of their life-blood to redeem the fatherland,
And I saw the young Demetrius, chief of that heroic band !'

ON A BLIND AND CAPTIVE
NIGHTINGALE

From the Romaic of Alexander Soutsos.

‘CAGED within a dreary prison, with thy sad unceasing
wail

Half the magic of thy singing thou forgettest, night-
ingale.’

—‘Once, unfettered in the forest, in my lay I took
delight,

Gladd’ning all the world around me, till men robbed my
wings of flight.

Now that flight and freedom fail,
Hapless I lament and wail.

‘I beheld, ere I was blinded, pleasant meadows drest in
green,

Hill and vale, and arching o’er me saw the summer skies
serene ;

Near a bow'r of fragrant roses, near a streamlet was my
nest,

Fanned by cool refreshing breezes, blowing from the
balmy West.

Now within my darksome gaol

Hapless I lament and wail.

‘When my savage captors doomed me in captivity to
dwell,

I foresaw that loss of freedom brought me loss of sight as
well.’

—‘Thou wast right, for black and bitter is the fortune
of the thrall,

And o’er slavery’s dominion darkness casts a gloomy pall.

Weep then, hapless nightingale,

In thy dark and dreary gaol.’

—‘If I cease awhile from singing, and in mournful
silence brood,

Then my master, like a tyrant, wrathfully denies me
food.

Thus—what other way is open?—am I driven to begin
Songs of bitterness and sorrow, daily nourishment to win,

And within my gloomy gaol

Hapless I lament and wail.’

—‘There was once a singer like thee, famous in the
ancient time,
Helicon’s unequalled song-bird, godlike father of all
rhyme;
Yet ’mid poverty and blindness, till his race was fully
run
By his minstrelsy melodious food and sustenance he won,
And though beggared, blind, and frail,
Sang as sings the nightingale.’

THE EXILE

From the Greek of Alexander Hypsilanti.

‘SAY, foreign bird of mournful mien, with sadness in thy singing,

Where is the nest thou lovest best, say, whither art thou winging?’—

‘I have no nest, in sad unrest unceasingly I roam,
Yet ease of mind may never find nor gain a happy home.

Of old I had a fatherland, in youth’s delightful days,

And led a life of golden hope amid the myrtle sprays ;

My roundelay the livelong day I chanted to my mate,

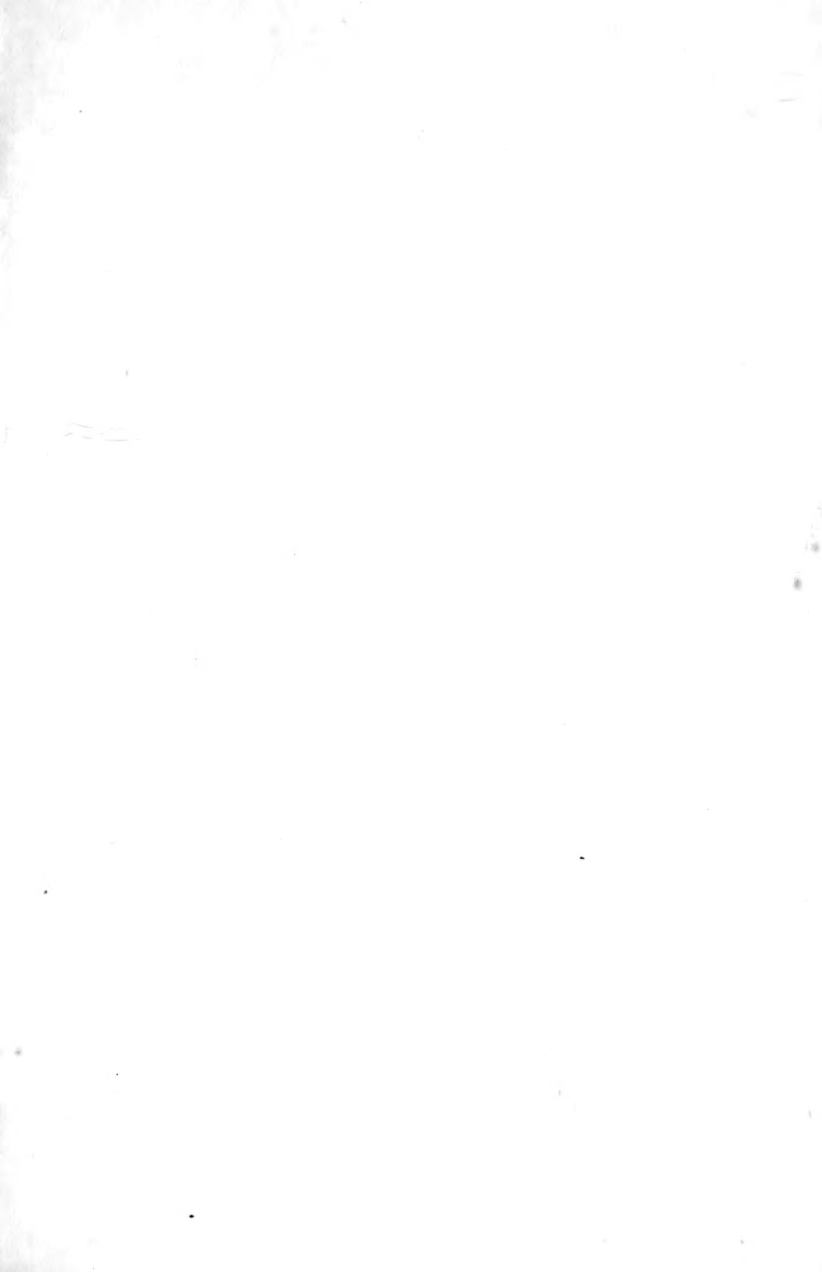
And deemed a love so strong as ours might well
o’ermaster fate.

When suddenly down swooped a hawk, and dead before
my eyes,

The light of all my life, struck dead by those fell talons,
lies.

‘Since then, bereft of hope and home, sad, partnerless,
undone,
A lonely exile have I strayed beneath an alien sun ;
With drooping wings and weary frame, hither and
thither cast
From shore to shore, by random chance or by the driv-
ing blast,
Until, my toilsome wand’rings o’er, I reach the silent
gate,
Whereunto all created things must come, or soon or
late—
The cruel hawk, the little bird, his unoffending prey ;
For ev’n this wondrous universe must thither pass
away.’

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